The
COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XXXVII *February* 5, 1943 NUMBER 16

THE WEEK 387
ORESTES BROWNSON, JOURNALIST
Theodore Maynard 390
SONNET *Leonard McCarthy, S.J.* 393
POVERTY AND CHURCH AND STATE
Emanuel, Cardinal Gonçalves Cerejeira 394
VIEWS AND REVIEWS *Michael Williams* 396
COMMUNICATIONS 397
THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 398
EDITORS' CHOICE 399
La Quintrala—Fiesta in November—The Real Life of Sebastian Knight—Poems—The High Courts of Heaven—The Gaunt Woman
MORE BOOKS OF THE WEEK 402
Can Our Cities Survive?—Danger! Keep Out —The Wisdom of China and India—Head-hunting in the Solomon Islands
THE INNER FORUM 405

THE COMMONWEAL *is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman.*
Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York.
Annual Subscription: U. S., $5.00; Canada and Foreign, $6.00
Editors: EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
PHILIP BURNHAM (*now on duty with the armed forces*)
HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor;* MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor;* C. G. PAULDING, *Literary Editor;* JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager.*

Unconditional Surrender

THE ONE definite general principle so far announced as a result of the Roosevelt-Churchill North Africa meeting is a war aim to which none of the United Nations should take exception. Unconditional surrender means that the responsible leaders of the Axis countries will be prevented from working further harm. No resignation of Hitler or Mussolini or Tojo will suffice. The régimes that have plunged the world, including their own people, into untold miseries must surrender root and branch. Until they are rendered impotent, there remains one insuperable obstacle to a just and durable peace.

Between opposing generals, the term "unconditional surrender" connotes certain specific things, such as the laying down of arms and immunity from slaughter. It is part of the military code. But applied to the people of Germany, for instance, the term is obscure. After a diet of ten years of censored and controlled "information," intensified during three and a half years of war, few Germans have any conception of whatever humanitarian impulses we have. And the latest Allied pronouncement, we can be sure, provides another occasion for thumping the Goebbels "line" that the German people will conquer or be obliterated with their nazi chiefs. Having taken this step, then, and announced to the world that unconditional surrender is the only basis for our cessation of hostilities, we must state unequivocally what we intend to do with the German, Italian and Japanese peoples when they will have delivered themselves into our charge. We must state our plans and repeatedly reiterate them. After fourteen months of fighting we should be able to know and affirm our positive war aims.

No Boycott of Argentina!

IT IS disturbing to report that an influential group of our importers and exporters is urging in Washington a boycott of Argentina headed by Britain and the United States. The object is to force that nation to break off relations with the Axis, and the proposed threat has teeth that would carry over into the post-war period. This would play directly into the hands of the ruling minority in Buenos Aires, who could then persuade the large anti-Axis element over to their side "in defense of the Nation." Much of the good will so painstakingly built up by Secretary Hull during the past decade throughout Latin Americas would thereby be tossed out the window. What minor assistance rendered the Axis, or aid withheld from our allies, could possibly justify such a step? Popular sentiment in Argentina is increasingly in our direction, and if our conduct in the war justifies their confidence and we seek to remain on friendly terms, the Argentine people will inevitably secure a government that embodies the popular anti-Axis sentiment. We should turn a deaf ear to any such plea by our foreign traders. We still have many Latin Americans to convince that we really mean to be good neighbors.

Labor and Discrimination

LAST WEEK we—and a great many others—protested strongly against what seemed to be a tendency on the part of the Administration to emasculate its policy regarding racial discrimination in employment. We should like herewith to make some positive suggestions relating to this whole problem.

First of all, it should be clearly understood that the problem goes further than matters of race. It extends to all discrimination against social groups in the employment practices of business. (A good argument can be made for not extending this to that rather limited field of employment which might be described as "personal service," where the human element becomes a major consideration—private secretaries, domestic servants, etc.) Discrimination in America has been applied to three social categories, which sometimes overlap, but which it is well to keep distinct in one's mind as one considers the question. (1) "National" groups—i.e., persons born in certain geographical regions outside the United States and their descendants. At one time the Irish suffered from this, and at present the Mexicans are suffer-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing. (2) Religious groups—you can still find "Catholics need not apply" in the want ads, and a number of cases of this sort have been taken to court by the Jehovah's Witnesses. (3) Racial groups—the Japanese and Chinese have long suffered from discrimination, and the Negro is particularly in the public eye at the moment on this score. It might be added that Jews fall under all three categories.

When one envisages the spread which discriminatory employment practices can and do cover, one realizes how important it is to the welfare of millions of our citizens that there should be some check upon the deep-seated or passing prejudices of personnel managers or boards of directors. The Fair Employment Practices Committee, although certainly a step in the right direction and not entirely unsuccessful in its efforts, has by no means represented an ideal solution. Such a board should be made up of persons well known throughout the nation, whose fair-mindedness and freedom from prejudice are established by their records. They should receive adequate remuneration, and their judicial status should be clear and recognized, so that no administrative official or servant of the Executive could nol-pros hearings before them. Here is another indication of how badly we need a whole code of procedure to adjudicate labor differences, not only within labor organizations, but as between employees and employers. In the process of constructing such a code, we must always remember the terrible pressures which will attempt to warp it, both from the conservative and from the labor union sides. Union pressure joined forces with Southern Congressmen to stultify the hearing of the Negro railroad firemen's case, which raised all the fuss a week or two ago. And it is because of the strength of these pressures that any fair employment practices tribunal to be effective requires above all personnel of the very highest caliber completely free of personal ties either to organized labor or to organized employers.

Everyone Middle Class

VICE PRESIDENT WALLACE'S recent interview on the abiding nature of the Horatio Alger spirit is more in keeping with the outlook of the average American than his constructive suggestions on the international character and the comparative plenty desirable for the post-war world. One of the baneful obstacles to the full development of the American labor movement is the individual worker's feeling that under unregulated capitalism there is always a chance that he will rise to the top if only the right break comes along. A new American dream has yet to be formulated to supplant the idea that someday Johnny may be president—at least of the company he works for. We have stated before in these pages that actually our national outlook is about as unrevolutionary as can be. Hence the Vice President's comments on the motivating importance of competition in business and individual self-interest will be assuring to many anxious about the tendencies of the Administration in social matters. Huey Long's phrase was "Every man a king," but Mr. Wallace's modification, "Every man a member of the middle class" gives the idea a less frightening twist. Yet such a state of affairs implying a decent family minimum for all, would be a tremendous achievement.

Chairman of the Board of Economic Warfare, as well as Vice President, Mr. Wallace is gaining increasingly wide currency for his ideas. He is no Mr. Throttlebottom. His thought moves along broad and inspirational lines rather than toward practical detail. It is greatly influenced by Mr. Wallace's comprehensive study of the Bible. He is a leader who insists that war aims must be formulated now and is bold enough to suggest certain broad outlines. His interest in economic democracy for the United States is reflected in his concept of the post-war world. Mr. Wallace, in the main, is one of the most far-seeing of our political prophets.

"The State of the Church"

SOME WEEKS AGO the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America issued a small pamphlet entitled, "The State of the Church." This constitutes a committee report to the biennial meeting of December 8-11, 1942. The chairman of the committee which prepared the report is John C. Bennett of the Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley, California. This little leaflet is an extraordinarily illuminating document, and we heartily recommend it to anyone who would like to keep posted on the state of mind of American Protestantism. It discusses, among other things, the church and the war, the church and the race problem, the church and economic reconstruction, the church and the preparation for peace. Each section is a realistic appraisal of ideals and conditions, with the palm going, perhaps, to the section on the war. A number of interesting things emerge. There seems to be far more acceptance of what might be called traditional Christian doctrine than we have been used to find in such quarters. There is also a frank and courageous admission that the Protestant churches have not succeeded with their communicants as much as they might hope, and the very genuine rift over the whole question of pacifism is dealt with in a manner both charitable and intelligent. There is scarcely a positive affirmation in this little booklet with which any Catholic of good will would find himself obliged in conscience to disagree.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marseilles

IT IS BETTER not even to look in the guide books, in the red Michelin, even if there were a Michelin here, and even if there were any use in looking up the Hotel de Noailles (expensive) and Basso's Restaurant (three stars) and even if there were still the excursion boats to the Chateau d'If. There would be no purpose in reading that the city's activity centers round the Old Port ("picturesque") and on the sidewalks and in the cafés of the Cannebière. There would be nothing to gain in looking at the map of the city and tracing the streets through which the taxi drove to the dock. It would be futile and heartbreaking only, to study the plan of the harbor and mark the course to the turn of the breakwater and then to the left or to port or to starboard, whatever it is, so that the ship turned into the surge of the open Mediterranean, and then there were the buildings, and then the Forts at the entry of the Old Port, and then the summer residential quarter along the sea coast, and then the city receding into the distance and a light smoke arising from the ships in the harbor and from the factories, and then the mountains rising into sight, back of Marseilles, back of Martigues, back of Aix, the mountain of Sainte Victoire.

What atavism binds us to the soil of Europe I do not know. The great migrations of the past out of Asia, out of heaven knows where, and man still with this nostalgia, and of course when Americans are abroad they suffer it for America. but when Americans are in America, they have this nostalgia for their past, for George Washington and then, further back, for the Dutch, or the Swedes, and as far back as they can imagine and then, inevitably, they have this nostalgia for the soil of Europe. It is not being pro-French, or pro-German, or pro-British, or pro-Irish, or pro-Italian. It is simply that a few hundred years have not effaced the dim ancestral memories. (A few million years have not effaced Edenic memories: all men everywhere are in exile.)

So that the maps and the news of the war come to Americans, and it is not Americans who can say why fight for Danzig, and it is not Americans who can say let Europe settle its affairs. All the stock characters of Americans abroad, who amused Mark Twain and Henry James, all the humble Americans who saved up their salaries for years to make a trip abroad, all the comic Americans who could not speak French, all the women's clubs listening to the member back from Berlin, back from Paris, all the hurried and harassed tourists doing the galleries, marking down the countries in their note books, cashing American Express checks, even the doomed expatriates living in pensions, the old ladies concealing cakes in their bed rooms, even the renegade Americans who played with beards at being Frenchmen, all these people responded to a nostalgia they could not withstand. And the Americans who have never been abroad respond to it also. All the cheap verse about the sun setting over the hill, all the simple wonder as to what lies beyond the horizon, all the songs without words, mean only that we are lost and separated from something we cannot remember, from something that would be the key to happiness. It is the soil of Europe and then, further than that, some other soil named by a name we cannot know. Sometime, somewhere, some particular mother forgot the place, forgot the name and did not tell her child.

Wherever the Germans move, the name of a place, the sounds of a city, the breadth and current of a river, the light fading on hills in the evening, the lights going on in the main streets of Marseilles are announced to our minds. In peace time whole cities, countrysides, miles and miles of road going through villages, winding over hills, running alongside the railroad are unannounced to us in any way, by any news. Whole sections of Europe are like the model countryside at the World's Fair after the gates are locked at night, and they have turned off the switches in the empty building, and the man has gone home who explained how here was the mine, here the dairy, here the garden city of the future, and now it is dawn and now it is midday and here comes the sunset, and now it is midnight and you can stay and watch the whole thing over again just as if you were at the movies. In peace time, Europe recedes markedly, is less present in our minds. But in war time, wherever the Germans move, buildings, sounds, peoples of a city are present immediately to us. The Germans have sent us one city after another; they have sent us the cities of Poland, they have sent us Amsterdam, Prague, Smolensk, Athens, Paris and Chartres and Amiens, they have sent us a dozen cathedral cities.

And now they send us a city people do not know so much about—not even the French. It has no Gothic cathedral: it has a church on a hill which is a beacon for sailors: the church of Our Lady who has sailors *en sa garde*. It has a district near the Old Port which is filled with procurors and prostitutes, gangsters and criminals—and with the very poor, the entirely innocent, the families living in dark apartment houses, the children playing in steep dirty streets, the vendors and the push carts, the vegetable stands and the fish markets. It is this district the Germans plan to demolish. Presently they may send us all of Marseilles, the priests, the professors, the students, the merchants, the poor and the rich. At the moment they are sending us the very poor, the very sad, the very criminal, the most entirely lost. For not all those they hate are noble; not all we love are pure.

C. G. PAULDING.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Orestes Brownson, Journalist

A fighter for truth.

By **Theodore Maynard**

ALL HIS LIFE LONG he was primarily a journalist, and of a kind that has probably never been surpassed in America and certainly never matched. That Brownson was a minister until he was forty-one was only incidental to his journalism, as was his lecturing. These things, indeed, were only spoken (and less effective) journalism, too. Though by practice he got rid of his early rusticity of manner, and developed a resonant voice, he was never quite at ease as a speaker. Young Isaac Hecker, who fell under his influence in 1841, noted that the tall (and as yet slim) Vermonter spoke without notes and with a logic and sincerity that appealed to those of a philosophical cast, but also noted that he came to grief when he attempted to be pathetic. It would seem that Brownson never acquired what is essential in a public speaker—the ability of getting at once into intimate touch with his audience. On the printed page everything was different; though even there he lacked (as he often acknowledged) the faculty of persuasion, he took his readers into his confidence; the editorial "we" and "us" never cloaked his burly and somewhat eccentric personality. He looked upon his readers as friends—as friends even when he was savagely fighting them. When he founded *Brownson's Quarterly Review* in 1844 he wrote in the first number, "This is *my* Review; I am its proprietor; its editor; intend to be its principal, if not its sole writer, and to make it the organ of my own view of truth." When thirty-one years later he at last gave it up, he was able to say, "Others may publish a quarterly review far more valuable than mine has ever been, but no other man can produce *Brownson's Quarterly Review*. . . . My Review must die when I cease to conduct it." Both statements were plain fact.

He had conducted magazines almost from the time he was ordained as a Universalist in 1826. And however much he moved from place to place or from denomination to denomination on his road to the Catholic Church, he was never long without a paper, though not until 1837 did he obtain just what he wanted in the *Boston Quarterly Review,* an organ in which he could fully expound his ideas. He expounded them at such length and was so very Brownsonian that when he offered his quarterly to the Transcendentalists as their medium of expression, Emerson and Margaret Fuller knew they would be swamped by him and so started the *Dial* instead. Upon which Theodore Parker commented, "Apropos of *The Dial*: to my mind it bears much the same relation to *The Boston Quarterly* that Antimachus does to Hercules . . . or a band of men and maidens daintily arrayed in finery . . . to a body of stout men in blue frocks, with great arms and hard hands, and legs like the Pillars of Hercules." When in 1842 he merged it with the *Democratic Review,* William Henry Channing declared it to have been the best journal this country has ever produced, Ripley and Bronson Alcott concurring. Fortunately Brownson lost the title by the merger; when he started again on his own, there was nothing for it but to call his magazine *Brownson's Quarterly Review.*

* * *

In the *Boston* he had printed contributions from Alcott, Ripley, Bancroft, Margaret Fuller, W. H. Channing and Albert Brisbane, the Fourierist and the father of the Hearst columnist. In *Brownson's Quarterly* nearly everything was Brownson. He had so much to say, and the Catholic contributors available were few. John Gilmary Shea was antagonized by having an article rejected, and the rival Catholic editors—especially McMaster and J. V. Huntington and Major—became bitter enemies. Poor Huntington was hurt by a review of one of his novels on which Brownson commented, "Every time he has occasion to introduce a woman [he stops to] give us a full-length portrait of her, the color of her hair, the form of her eyebrows, the cast of her features, the pouting or not pouting of her lips, the shape of her bust, the size of her waist, with remarks on the flexibility of her limbs, and the working of her toes." No wonder that Huntington was offended, just as McMaster did not like being told that it was no sin for a man to be unable to understand metaphysics but only a handicap when he insisted upon dealing with that subject.

Brownson did, in truth, have a wonderful faculty for treading heavily on other people's toes. The lion thought he was only playfully patting their heads when they felt that their skulls had been crushed. He did not realize his own strength,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and he was completely devoid of tact. What he said about the Irish and the Jesuits was quite understandably taken by them as violent hostility.

Yet he had the best of intentions towards them. If he pointed out what he considered their shortcomings, it was all for their own good. They did not have a truer friend than himself. He could not understand that most people are inclined to avoid a too candid friend. When Newman offered him a chair in his Irish university in 1854, it was soon made clear to him that he would have to rescind his offer. Brownson chose that moment to tell the Irish that their own conduct was largely responsible for the Know-nothing movement and that when they came to America they had better become Americans. For their part, they accused him of supplying their enemies with ammunition. His retort that the attempt to make the Catholic Church the Irish Church was damaging equally to the Irish and to the Church did little to help matters. As Van Wyck Brooks put it in "The Flowering of New England," Brownson was too Catholic for the Yankees and too Yankee for the Catholics. The convert thought of himself as too Catholic for the Irish and they were enraged.

His quarrel with the Jesuits, such as it was, sprang largely out of philosophical differences. Whether or not he was the ontologist he is still often accused of being is too big a question to be discussed here. All that need be said was that Brownson was contemptuous of Scholasticism—at any rate as it was taught in the 'sixties and 'seventies—and that he bluntly said so. He had his own solution of the problem of knowledge, one which he believed was the only means of preservation from pantheism. As the scholastic philosophers did not accept it, he told them that they were outmoded. And though he afterwards said he wished he could recall some of the hard things he had said about the Jesuits, he never budged from his central position.

* * *

Brownson's were at once the merits and the defects of the self-made man. In youth he had had only a year or two of formal education. Yet as a young minister he had taught himself six languages, and as soon as he had mastered enough from a dictionary and grammar, he proceeded to the reading of abstruse tomes. At Brook Farm they told a story of how he paraded his Latin, distressing Bradford and Ripley with his false quantities. Ripley, whom he tried to drag into the Church, woke one night from a horrible dream. He had become a Catholic and had been to confession to Father Brownson. At the end the priest said to his penitent, "Now you will repeat after me the fifty-eighth psalm in the Vulgate," and Ripley cried out, "O Lord, my punishment is greater than I am able to bear!"

When Brownson came into the Church in 1844, Isaac Hecker fully expected him to bring into the Church with him hundreds and perhaps thousands of his former Transcendentalist associates. His failure to do so, and his abandonment of the line of approach that had brought him into the Church, Hecker attributed to the influence of Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston. Fitzpatrick had, in fact, insisted that Brownson use the ordinary apologetic mode, with the result that the "liberal" Christians of Boston could see no nexus between what the prophet of the "Church of the Future" had held and what the Catholic Brownson affirmed. Not until he had moved from Boston to New York and had written his autobiography was his own road to Rome defined for the public. By then it was too late; he had lost his non-Catholic following.

* * *

Hecker blamed it all on Fitzpatrick. In the first of a series of articles written for the *Catholic World* in 1887, he called the Bishop "the hierarchical exponent of all that was traditional and commonplace in Catholic life." Of Brownson he said "that as a controversialist of the old school the fact that he so greatly distinguished himself only showed his versatility, and his versatility was in this his misfortune." I believe that Hecker's general apologetic method—that of building upon whatever truth a man already has instead of starting by correcting his errors—is to be preferred to the method Brownson chose to employ. But it was not versatility, or the dictation of Fitzpatrick, that determined Brownson's apologetic mode; it was his own make-up. For a while he tried to be conciliatory, as Hecker was conciliatory, and wrote in 1856 to Father Hewit, that his own method—that of logic—was the worst of all possible methods. In the abstract this may be so; as Newman once pointed out, men are not convinced merely by force of syllogism. But logic was the only method Brownson could handle. His was all the strength and all the weakness of the logician; he expected people to accept his logical demonstrations and could not understand it when they were not convinced. Perhaps they should have done so; but it does not require much knowledge of human nature to know that they rarely do so. Brownson had to give up his Protestant friends in despair and address himself to the task of strengthening Catholics in their faith.

For this reason most of his controversies were with Catholics. Those who imagined that he had entered the Church as a safe refuge from the storms of which he was tired, were as wide of the mark as those who imagined that, because he had belonged to several sects on the road to Rome, he would soon embrace Mohammedanism. He had to fight every inch of the way. The difference was that, whereas in the past he had fought to find

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

truth, he now fought to uphold it. Wrong-headed he often was, though always worth listening to; yet on the main issues he is now seen to be right when the majority of the American Catholics were wrong. When he insisted on the indirect deposing power of the Pope, he alarmed many of the American bishops, who feared that his utterances would be quoted by the Church's enemies to prove that Catholics had a divided political loyalty. This, however, was hardly more than an academic point; what Brownson was really affirming was that the spiritual must be superior to the temporal, and that the sovereign people were not sovereign in an absolute sense but were in all things subject to God. As politics could not be divorced from morals, he did not shrink from the logic that maintained that it was for the Church to decide in moral issues. The mere affirmation of a "higher law," as in the case of the Abolitionists he loathed, set up a capricious private judgment in politics as well as religion and virtually abolished the force of the American constitution.

In this he was misunderstood inside the Church, as well as outside. Nevertheless he did a great deal to destroy the Gallican spirit at that time rampant in America, as it was also rampant elsewhere. Like Montalembert, a close friend by correspondence, he warned people against trusting Napoleon III. Most of the American bishops followed the lead of Veuillot in regarding the Emperor as a "second Saint Louis," where Brownson saw that the imperial protection of the Church involved its subjection to imperial domination. At the same time he began to suggest that, as the temporal power of the Pope was not essential to his spiritual sovereignty, it might be advisable for him voluntarily to forego what had become an anachronism in the modern world. That, too, of course got him into furious controversy, especially as he had an over-emphatic way of stating any case.

In 1855 he left Boston for New York, where he promptly got at loggerheads with Archbishop Hughes. While under Fitzpatrick he had submitted to Fitzpatrick's censorship. He had no intention of allowing Hughes to exercise the same control. As he wrote to Bishop Elder of Natchez, "I cannot accept the Archbishop of New York as my consultor. His advice I cannot respect, and I am not under his jurisdiction." To escape that jurisdiction he had transferred himself and his *Review* to Elizabeth, New Jersey, where Bishop Bayley—without always agreeing with him—allowed *Ursa Major,* as he called him, to have his say. From the other side of the Hudson, he fired his big guns at Hughes himself.

When the Civil War broke out, Hughes and Brownson found themselves in a new controversy. Hughes, knowing that the Irish were not at all enthusiastic about the liberation of the slaves, and fearing that they would not enlist in the defense of the Union if they came to believe that this was the object of the war, went so far as to offer a hypothetical case justifying even the slave trade. At once Brownson pounced on him: this was rank heresy; by flouting Gregory XVI's letter on slavery, the Archbishop had incurred the penalty of excommunication. Then with grimly humorous charity, he absolved Hughes; the Archbishop could not have meant what he had said. When next the two men met Hughes told him, "I will never write another word against you again."

Others did, however. Bishop Whelan of Wheeling cancelled his subscription to a review conducted by a "red Marat Republican." Brownson complained to Bishop Elder of Natchez that some members of the hierarchy, instead of making their representations to him direct, used their diocesan organs to rebuke him. "You may kill my Review," he added hotly, "but you cannot manage me through newspapers." On the other hand, he fiercely attacked the Catholic papers because of their disloyalty to the Union. Only two, he said in his *Review* for October, 1861, were decidedly loyal; two others were occasionally loyal; one was trying to straddle; all the others, whether avowedly or not, were Confederate. As his opponents were trying to silence him politically, by discrediting him philosophically, he announced in 1863 that he would prescind from the discussion of philosophy and theology to confine himself to public affairs.

* * *

Long before this he had lost all his subscribers in the South, and many that he had had in the North. Then by backing Frémont for the presidency—he had a low opinion of Lincoln—he was left without a party when Frémont withdrew. At the end of 1864 he ceased publishing his *Review.* It was his intention to devote the rest of his life to writing books. He listed them in a letter to Senator Sumner, now his political bedfellow: the projected works were to be on the American Constitution, "to be followed by a work on Philosophy, another on Theology, another on the Church, and another on the Catholic and Protestant Controversy." Of these only his masterpiece, "The American Republic," ever got written; and that was largely a revamping of former articles, some of them going back as far as 1843. This, like everything else that Brownson wrote, was really journalism—journalism of a superb kind.

He had had the reputation of being a very wild radical. Actually his basic political ideas were, from the start, far more conservative than those whom he startled supposed. Nor did he really change his social ideas, and here he was not so much a forerunner of Marx, as Mr. Schlesinger suggests, but a forerunner of the Papal encyclicals on labor. But when he gave up his postulation of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the class war, as the only means of getting rid of capitalism, he could think of no other way of effectuating the deliverance of the working-man. Having no lead from the Church—the "Rerum Novarum" was still a long way off—he despairingly concluded that nothing much could be done. He did not abandon his hatred of industrialism.

The *Catholic World,* the *Ave Maria,* and the New York *Tablet* set him to the busy production of articles. With from four to six columns of copy to turn out every week—on top of his frequent lecturing—he had no time to spare for the books he wished to write. Much of his best work was done during this period, despite the gout in his hands and feet; but he did not feel happy without his own *Review.* As he was usually not allowed to sign his articles, few people knew their authorship. Those who did not, and were vaguely aware that Brownson was under some sort of a cloud, began to suppose that he had ceased to defend the Catholic cause; some of them even supposed that he had ceased to practice his religion.

* * *

He had several times thought of reviving his *Review,* if for no other purpose than that of clearing his name and of publicly repudiating the "liberalism" into which he had fallen. When his wife was on her death-bed in 1872 she urged him to do this, if only for a year. At the beginning of 1873 *Brownson's Quarterly Review* reappeared and continued until the end of 1875. In it he returned to all the most uncompromising positions he had once maintained; the world should not be left in any doubt as to his belligerent orthodoxy. If for several years he had tried to make Catholicism more palatable by softening it and toning it down, he now seemed to glory in stating it in the harshest possible terms. In particular he rammed down his interpretation of the doctrine that outside the Church there was no salvation. Give non-Catholics, he said, the slightest ground for hoping that they might obtain salvation, and none of them would ever become Catholics. Not even invincible ignorance would he admit as a valid plea. With the rigor that was a carry-over from his Puritan days, he tried to drive men to heaven with a pitchfork red-hot from hell.

In so far as the "Last Series" of his *Review* was intended to make his position clear, it amply succeeded. And there was little noticeable falling-off in power—none at all in logical power. But he began it when he was ill and he steadily grew more ill, until it was at last impossible for him to continue. In the issue for October, 1875, he wrote a moving valedictory. "Much of the time for the present year," he told his audience—his friends—"I have been unable to hold a pen in my hand." He had no secretary, and had written the whole of that last issue himself. Those familiar with his handwriting during those years must wonder how any compositor ever managed to read his manuscripts. He acknowledged that his memory was not what it had been, as he acknowledged again that he had never been able to realize his idea of what a Catholic review should be. "But I have done the best, being what I am, that I could." Others might have done better; editors of greater ability and prudence may arise. "Yet none will be found more sincerely Catholic, or more earnestly devoted to Catholic interests." He admits he has never been popular among some Catholics, but as he had never sought popularity that does not trouble him. As for wealth, "Why, what could I do with it, if I had it, standing on the brink of the grave?" In farewell to his readers, he asks their prayers, and concludes, "I have and desire to have, no home out of the Catholic Church. . . . My only ambition is to live and die in her communion."

A few months later he was dead. But before he died, the son who was to be his biographer and to edit his works in twenty volumes took him to his home in Detroit. There Brownson gathered notes for an autobiography he still hoped to write. But he was too worn out for that. All that he produced was a single article for the newly-established *American Catholic Quarterly Review.* He was never too tired, however, for an argument. On Holy Saturday he and his son had a long theological debate. When he had gone to his room and his daughter-in-law came up with his tray, he answered her knock with, "If that is Henry, I'm too tired to make it any plainer tonight." The next day, Easter Sunday, he was anointed. The following day, April 17, 1876, he died. Now thousands of young men every year pass over his body as it lies in the crypt of the church at Notre Dame University as they go to receive Holy Communion. It is a fitting place for him to rest.

Sonnet

My one and lonely mind must sail again
October seas, and oarless, not a chart;
Be helmsman set apart from other men,
Who trust the compass of their beating heart.
So my tall-masted mind will touch therefore
No sleepy harbor off the point of call;
Nor drift along a white and childhood shore
Nor anchor long, if it should drop at all.

My mind has made this voyage once before,
Not lonely though, and yet the passage rough;
But this trip I should want for nothing more
The stars within the rigging are enough.
I merely wonder why upon that reef
I felt far braver and knew less grief.

LEONARD MCCARTHY, S.J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poverty and Church and State

Excerpts from an Allocution to the Clergy of Lisbon.

***By* Emanuel Cardinal Gonçalves Cerejeira**

CARDINAL CEREJEIRA, Patriarch of Lisbon, has several times given utterance to words deserving a far wider audience than his native Portugal. The following excerpts are from an address made by His Eminence on the twelfth anniversary of his accession to the Patriarchate, November 18, 1941. The translated text has only recently become available to us. Not only does the Cardinal describe an extraordinary concordat, considering the fact that Portugal has an authoritarian régime and is traditionally a Catholic country, but he emphasizes the necessity of a proper separation of Church and State in a day when politicians are inclined either to break off from the Church completely or else to use the Church to further their own ends. His emphasis upon poverty is especially interesting.

This is the first time in which you are all here assembled around this episcopal throne, since the celebration of the Concordat between the Holy See and Portugal. . . .

On our previous reunion we had occasion to define the characteristics and meaning of the Concordat. Today, we shall limit ourselves to say just what it requires from us.

In the first place, the clergy is condemned to a life of glorious poverty.

Out of the ancient trust fund of the Church, left over from the plunder of the liberal Monarchy, which fund constituted the principal means of support of the Clergy, not a penny was restored! This trust fund in its entirety was in itself a contemptibly small sum, and is now going to be used by the nation.

Of the ecclesiastical properties, compiled by generations of pious people for the safekeeping of the clergy, for the splendor of the cult and the flourishing of Christian works, only that sum which the state has not spent in public works is going to be returned to the Church. . . .

Portugal is the only concordat country in Europe, in which the clergy do not receive any subsistence from the state, except for the assistance given some over-sea mission works.

Justice demanded that a worthy indemnification be made if the state were not willing or were unable to restore her rightful heritage to the Church; we must, however, rejoice that the Church took this opportunity to set us such a splendid example of her disinterest in material matters, in an age which is marked by insatiable ambition. . . .

The maintenance of the clergy is a new and heavy burden put upon the faithful. It is going to be a source of serious worry to the Bishops, as the increase of clerics continues, to provide for priests in poverty-stricken parishes, whose faithful have not the wherewithal to support their priest, or in heathen parishes who do not want to support him.

There will be times when the poverty of the Church and that of the people will compete with each other, and in the public interest the state will have to give aid, since it is more important not to let the roots of Christianity dry up in our home land than it is to sow new seeds in the colonies.

But let us repeat: we rejoice over the evangelical disinterest and poverty of the Church!

The wealth of the Church can only be justified by the basic principles of giving instruction and aid to the poor; which means that as invested wealth it is for use in the magnificent cult due to God, in apostolic works and in assistance to the needy. It may never be used for some scandalous denial of the Evangelical truth, for the benefit of selfish ministers of the Church. When self-denial is not practiced, then such wealth may turn into an instrument of corruption. The devil then takes charge to make evil that which men have misdirected from its true course. . . .

That unfortunate sort of priest of whom a malicious critic of the sixteenth century remarked, "He knows his sheep only by their wool"—the priest who makes of his ministry a career, failing to spread Christianity . . . who goes through life as a comfortable bourgeois in peace and tranquillity, without an ardent faith or a great evangelical zeal, a chaser after customers who are well heeled, deaf to the tragic appeals of pilgrims to truth and grace, pilgrims who look for the light of Christ's peace without as yet having been able to find Him—such priests are no longer possible in our midst. Only he can eat from the altar who lives for the altar, so says the New Testament.

Do not let us be afraid to exalt poverty! The world seems to have forgotten that it is in reality a blessing. It purifies, liberates and magnifies the clergy, makes them more evangelical. The mission of the Clergy then appears more divine before the suspicious eyes of men. Blessed be Poverty!

At the root of some of our present day evils lies man's disdain for poverty. Capitalism and communism, both anti-Christian, are identical in their pursuit after worldly goods. Was it not in their name that this war was declared?

The first task is to change man's heart: so long as he searches with famished clamor after the riches of this world, making them his supreme aim, there will always be wars. All the riches and goods of this world are not sufficient to satisfy the heart of one man.

We certainly applaud from the bottom of our hearts the doctrines of the social encyclicals, clamoring for profound reforms which will assure justice, give every worker and his family human conditions of existence and a more equal share of manufactured goods. We even believe that one of the important apostolates to spring from this war will be seeing to it that this Christian transformation is carried out.

But, there are certain propagandists who are communists, who seem to join together the economic problem with the secret of happiness. We want to assure all men a minimum in social economic life, without which man cannot live a human existence. Yet it is necessary to possess the Christian ideal of life, which will moderate our appetites, make us take up our burdens with a light heart, make us cultivate modesty in our ambitions, accept our crosses, resign ourselves to necessary privations, exalt work, feel the dignity of humble origins.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Let us love poverty. We priests are under divine orders to give testimony to Christ. One of these testiomnies is to disdain (at least spiritually) earthly goods. Let us scandalize the world by our trust in God and Divine Providence. Let us be the living example of the Gospel—making it loved—in our trust of Providence: in the blessedness of holy poverty!

Pope Pius the XI—the august Pontiff of intrepid Faith who was like a rock in his defense of the heritage of Christ against those who sought to rob, destroy and shake it, no matter how strong they might think themselves—advised priests in his encyclical on the Catholic priesthood not only to suffer poverty of the spirit, which does not allow itself to be influenced by the goods of this world (this is a Christian law), but also to practice poverty effectively as an antidote against the greed of communism, envious of those who possess worldly goods. . . .

We cordially greet you for having embraced the evangelical ideals with such generosity. . . .

The Patriarch then makes acknowledgment to the zeal and spirit of his clergy in their acceptance of poverty and proceeds to the general question of the relation between religion and politics.

Another aspect of the agreement instituted by the Concordat is the reciprocal autonomy of the Church and the state. Each one is independent and free in its respective sphere of competition. Neither can the state rule the Church, nor can the Church interfere with matters concerning the state.

Those who speak of the supremacy of the state, should add: under a dictatorship the Church will be enslaved, and with it Catholic thinking. The Church grants that the state have full power—but only in its own field.

It was Christianity which introduced into the world this separation between the temporal and the spiritual, and upon these principles rests the foundation of Christian civilization, which is the fountain head of liberty and thought. . . .

He explains that the Church has made no demands for support as a "religion of the State."

What the Church loses in official protection, she regains in absolute liberty of action. Owing no favors to the state, Her voice will attain more power with the people, "Given to Caesar that which is Caesar's!" She is the pure crystal into which the treasure of Christianity is poured.

The priest is only the minister of God. Freed from worldly political views—necessary for the realization of party interests—he will proceed, illuminating the minds and binding the ties of love among men.

Nor will society lose anything by this political independence of the priest. On the contrary this very condition is necessary to the political order. For society wants to be elevated and purified. And this is the foremost mission of the priesthood. The sun must shine in the heavens if the flowers and fruits are to spring from the earth.

The priest can do his job more usefully by remaining aloof from politics, making his principles those which enlighten and ennoble all human action. He lends to politics that Christian feeling which it needs to justify and make it worthy.

From the past—and in some cases from the present—we have learned that the intervention of the priest in politics is harmful both to the state and to the Church. Not only because he will necessarily have to abandon his own mission, in which work nobody can substitute for him, but also because he may come to crave power. Abusing his spiritual authority in favor of party interests, dividing those in his charge whom he should unite in charity, he pours his divine treasure into the infamous waters of passions and struggles. . . .

If the priest goes about his work as he should, he will be nourishing the spiritual side of politics. His action will ennoble, purify and sanctify—at the roots. This puts one in mind of the ever-present snow on the mountain-peaks which supplies the rivers running down to the plains.

The great mission of the Clergy is to make man Christ conscious. As He Himself told us, He is the Light of the world. Only he that knows Christ can know God and his own self.

For this reason, anti-Christian governments, no matter what, do not understand the difference between the rights of God and the rights of man, cannot understand the dignity of the individual, nor the limits to which the state may go, nor the sanctity of the family, nor the responsibility of authority; such governments oscillate between anarchy and tyranny: they are on their way to becoming inhuman.

The results are the same, whether the form of government be an easy-going Democracy inspired by masonic principles, or a marxist communist rule, or a national socialist—all sacrifice God and man to the omnipotence of the divinized state. . . .

Cardinal Cerejeira proceeds to explain that a new world cannot be built upon the "old man," but must be based upon man regenerated by grace, else it will have no advantage over what we now have.

Your priests' work in the world is to maintain the absolute rights of God, without which all other rights dissolve in smoke. There is an eternal law, which is the foundation of justice. Morality implies its sovereign exigencies, which impose themselves on all human activity: whether of the individual, of the family, of the state, or of the comity of nations.

Finally the Cardinal takes up the question of the functions of Church and State in education.

And lastly, through the Concordat, the state now calls upon the Church to collaborate in national education.

In this country, whose traditional religion is Catholic, the educational system, as undertaken by the state, could not but be directed "by Christian principles in doctrine and morals, which are traditional to this country," as is written in our constitution. . . .

Not that the existence of Catholic tradition in this country suffices to justify Christian education. Its justification lies in its own merits. It imposes itself because Christ is the Truth, the True Way of life, as He defines Himself. For twenty centuries past, history has proved that all that which is most noble and beautiful in humanity was born from Christian inspiration, as recognized by the philosopher Bergson, after a lifetime devoted to the search of truth. . . .

Theoretically, one cannot sustain anyone who justifies a position which is equivalent to destroying the Christian work of redemption. To pretend to educate a citizen without instilling in him the supernatural light which is the Christian doctrine is the same as putting Christ out of the churches.

And doing without Christ is to regress to paganism, by rejecting the supernatural order. Paganism used to strive to outstrip itself, in search of that which is better than reason, since they are the principles from which reason starts; modern paganism, however, deliberately shuts out all that rises above nature, as has been so profoundly set forth by the philosopher Maritain, who stands out as a shining beam of Christianity. . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In a practical sense, the neutrality of the state—if it is not motivated by a prudent political attitude of abstinence, due to diversified religious creeds, each sharing in the educational system—becomes positively anti-Christian. It identifies itself with laicism: a tool for paganizing the souls. This means going back twenty centuries. It foreshadows the disintegration of civilization.

More erroneous in their principles, the totalitarians of our day do not obtain different results by the state undertaking to substitute for the Church in her educational mission. Morals thus become a creation of the community; not to mention those transcendental morals founded on human nature, universal and absolute; for, according to this conception they take on a national character. Christian morals are rejected as something of foreign origin. . . .

The most profound revolution introduced by Christ was the marked separation in the temporal order between the dominion of the state and that of the Church. The latter was given the mission of religious and moral upbringing, with the view of directing man to his salvation.

Ever since the incarnation, human life has been supernaturalized, elevated and purified by the grace of Christ. A purely human ideal, which distracts from the Christian exaltation of man becomes in reality anti-human, since it makes him small without letting him attain the perfection to which he aspires. . . .

At the bottom of every civilized institution there are always nuclei of moral principle. These keep society informed, as the sap does the tree. . . . If they alter or die (die in the minds of those who gave them birth), civilization falls into ruin.

After discussing the Church's educational mission, the Patriarch concludes:

Put in few words, the Portuguese state, which permits all cults and does not support an official Church, is not neutral as regards doctrine and morals (for that matter, no government is entirely neutral). The state adopts the principles of Catholic Christian doctrines and morals. Her educational system does not impose any set religion—but suggests the morals of the Catholic religion, which are traditional to the country, and have formed the conscience of the Portuguese people.

To conclude, Portugal was a pioneer of the Christian civilization in the world. And it is fully proved that only through Christianity does man find an answer to his existence, a respect for his dignity, a guarantee in obtaining his rights, and a definition of his duties.

The eyes of the world turn on Portugal, surprised and hopeful. And the question asked is whether Portugal will not illuminate the world anew. . . .

In this twilight hour, the star of hope shines over Portugal, ever since the Immaculate Virgin placed it in the heavens over our country. In the Concordat we saluted the rainbow of the alliance.

Let hearts be light! Let the priest be scrupulous in carrying out his mission. Let him incarnate Christ in his life. That through him the Lord may again intermingle among men, doing good to all.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IN THE COURSE of a most interesting and potentially important discussion of a provocative question, namely, "Can conservatives claim that their stand is inspired by Christianity," in the current issue of CIP Correspondence, the statement is made that a progressive person, if a Christian, "combines idealism with realism." Cardinal Newman is quoted, not as theologian or preacher, but in his capacity as a poet, as having expressed the mentality of "the realistic idealist" in his famous lines, "Lead kindly light . . . I do not ask to see the distant scene, one step enough for me." The writer makes a slip of memory in assigning the words to Newman's "Dream of Gerontius," for of course they are part of the hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," which was written when Newman was still an Anglican, still believed and hoped that his conception of Anglicanism was the valid middle way which would or might reunite Christianity. His profound study of the fruitful idea of development had not brought him to the point where he clearly perceived that both the conservative and the progressive forces of religion and life were combined in the Catholic Church.

The CIP writer offers, for the purposes of his discussion, the following definitions of the conservative, the reactionary, the progressive, and the revolutionary types. The conservative's state of mind is summed up as follows: "I like things as they are. I know they are not perfect, but I will not change them for the unknown as that involves the risk of their becoming worse." The reactionary more aggressively says: "The old things are good and the new things are bad, so we must at any cost avoid changes. Where new things have been established, we must find a way to reestablish the good old order." The progressive affirms: "I am more interested in the realization of social ideals than in the relative advantages of things as they are. Since things are not as they should be, we must push forward." To which the revolutionary retorts: "Only the new things I dream of, are good—the old things are absolutely bad. There is no possibility of compromise; we have to do away with things as they now exist and start all over again."

That these four main types of mind, with many subdivisions of each, and with characteristics of each kind often mingled in many individual minds, quite adequately cover the wide range of thought, and emotion as well, of most people today, inside as well as outside religious groupings, may, I think, be taken as true. That all four types are actively at work among Catholic Christians becomes more and more apparent. That Christianity, as the CIP writer says, inclines Catholics "to be conservative in matters of faith, not necessarily in temporal matters," is a fact that is, perhaps, more difficult for reactionary Catholics—reactionary in the sense of the definition given above—to accept, and not to resent and to struggle against with particular bitterness, than any other factor in our contemporary situation. In many countries now involved in the maelstrom of war and revolution, and in other countries affected by or likely to be drawn into that maelstrom, it is clear that considerable, and in the temporal and social and governmental sense, powerful elements of reactionary Catholics are actively or passively willing to collaborate with axis totalitarianism in their dread of communist revolution, and their distrust of "progressive," or even of truly "conservative" Catholics. That our own country poten-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tially is involved in a similar conflict of ideas makes that situation most actual and not theoretical. CIP Correspondence does well in bringing the subject into the open for that free and candid discussion not always possible elsewhere.

It is not, I trust, in a presumptuous spirit, but rather in a spirit of proper deference, that a journalist ventures to suggest to the theologians of the Church how practically useful, in the highest sense of the words, it would be if they should be moved to give the world up-to-date studies based upon and continuing the work of Cardinal Newman's epochal essay, "The Development of Christian Dogma." And that Church historians should supply us with up-to-date studies of the actual course of the fuller and deeper unfolding and actualization of revealed truths in history, both ancient and modern, even contemporary. That revolution, as defined above, is not and never can be acceptable to Catholics is hardly less true, it seems to me, than that reaction, as defined by CIP, is as dangerous as the revolutionary spirit. Progressive conservatism is not a contradiction in terms. It is toward its establishment as the norm in Catholic mentality that the constructive efforts of our Catholic thinkers and workers should be directed. The CIP writer well observes that "a Christian must evaluate for himself in the light of Christian principles whether a situation is good, worthy of being preserved, bad enough to demand abolition, or doubtful enough to permit toleration. The formula of Saint Paul is wise and solid: 'Examine all things and keep only what is good.'" But in striving thus to evaluate actual situations, the ordinary Catholic, especially the lay Catholic, and more especially the Catholic man or woman engaged in work that influences public opinion and public action, needs more solid instruction and information applicable to contemporary problems than at present seems available. Work such as was recently referred to in this column, by the Reverend Donald MacLean, of Catholic University, and by Father Wright of Boston, represents what is needed. May we soon possess similar studies of Newman's teachings, and other main sources, on the movement of development in Church life and institutions and its effect on secular life and institutions, so that the struggle against both revolution and reaction, whether outside or inside Catholicism, may be solidly supported and inspired.

Communications

ANTIGONISH TEN YEARS AFTER

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: I read with great approval the communication in your January 1 issue from the Reverend George C. Higgins, but with considerable sadness and perplexity the editorial note thereto appended. May I offer some brief comments?

While I heartily believe in cooperative enterprise, I do not think it can ever occupy the whole industrial field. Nor do I think that cooperative institutions would have or could have given us the most important of the economic institutions set up under the New Deal: by the law providing for the guarantee of bank deposits; by the WPA,

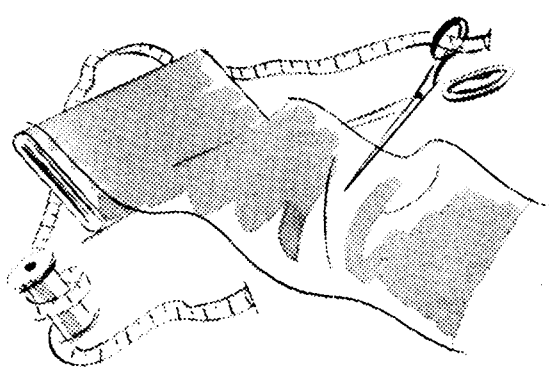
B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

men who wear Altman

CUSTOM MADE SHIRTS

know they're a good investment

8.00 to 14.50



individually fitted, correctly styled—made to your measurements in our own work rooms by master shirtmakers and supervised by an expert pattern maker. Come in and make your selections from our choice collection of better imported English and Scotch shirtings.

Altman men's furnishings, main floor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by the PWA and the TVA; by the Holding Company Act, the Social Security Act, the National Labor Relations Act, or the Maximum Hours and Minimum Wages Act. On the other hand, none of these beneficent measures has interfered in any way with the establishment or expansion of cooperatives. The two methods of economic reform, legislation and cooperative enterprise, meet different parts of the problem, and their operations can and should be mutually complementary, not mutually exclusive.

I do not know of any prominent Catholics who say, "Let the government do it." Mr. Skillin is erecting a man of straw. My own view, which I have publicly stated scores of times, is that government should do nothing for the individual which the individual, acting alone or in association, can do as well for himself. So far as I have observed, no significant number of significant Catholics would reject this fundamental principle. In which of the New Deal enactments enumerated above is this principle violated?

Mr. Skillin is convinced that "the Administration's good works do not thereby entitle it to support of every move it makes." Obviously here again we face a man of straw. At any rate, we have a statement which is irrelevant to the attitude of all intelligent believers in the economic reforms achieved under the present Administration. Let us have criticisms which are based upon specific realities, not upon loose generalities, invented and made fashionable by notorious enemies of social justice.

The most important sentences in Father Higgins's letter are the last two. As he pertinently notes, there is a real danger that the most necessary and beneficent of the New Deal reforms will be "effectively crippled and emasculated" in the present Congress. All who believe in these measures ought to bear this carefully in mind, when they are tempted to offer general criticisms of the New Deal. Their critical utterances should be specific, precise and discriminating.

RT. REV. JOHN A. RYAN.

"A larkish blend of musical comedy, poetic farce and circus . . . a brilliant carnival." LIFE MAGAZINE

ALFRED LUNT · LYNN FONTANNE

THE PIRATE

An Extravaganza by S. N. BEHRMAN presented by The Playwrights' Company and The Theatre Guild

MARTIN BECK Thea. 45th St. W. of 8th Ave. Eves. 8:40, $1.10 to $3.85. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. $1.10 to $2.75.

N.Y.'s 2 BIG HITS

"A memorable experience in the theatre." —HERALD-TRIBUNE

The Playwrights' Company presents

THE EVE OF ST. MARK

by MAXWELL ANDERSON

Cast of 25 including ALINE MacMAHON

CORT THEATRE 48th St. E. of B'way. Eves. 8:40, $1.10 to $3.30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. $1.10 to $2.75.

BEST SEATS $2. Plus Tax ALL PERFS.

A play for the family and children

JUNIOR MISS

46TH ST. THEATRE, W. of Broadway. CI. 6-6075 Every Evening Except Monday, 8:40, $2 TOP Mats. Saturday 2:40, Sunday 3 P.M., 50c to $2

JOLT FROM A COMMUTER

New Rockford, N. D.

TO the Editors: I read with interest Mr. Skillin's article, "Jolt from a Commuter," in the January 15 issue. His commuter friend appealed to me for some reason or other. But the two points made after our mutual friend left caused me some speculation.

Our Holy Father has spoken of machinery which has run away from its creator as causing much damage, like anything run amok. But the factory system of mass production is evolving into an even bigger and more all embracing economy. The trend toward industrialism will not be reversed after the war, but it will be accentuated because of the new fields uncovered. We may take it for granted that there will be larger areas devoted to the factory in all its variations. Now the factory caused the growth of the towns, with the attendant evils of increasing crime, ill health and general bad manners. What to do? Which brings us to the second point—the tranquillity of widespread private ownership. How achieve the peace within our own country after the military peace? Since these two factors, factories (even with the post-war unemployment of laid-off workers who will have to live on their savings for a while and the return of the soldiers who will have to live) and farm and home ownership will be decisive in influence on the tranquillity of our national life, it would be well to find a means whereby they could be connected so as to have each develop to the benefit of the other. Two plants growing side by side without proper care will lead to one's weakening and withering away.

The means might very well be the development of a system of transportation. The homes not clustered around the factories, but away from them, even as far as fifty miles, for the present. The towns to be what they become after a while anyhow, merely business districts from which all residential areas have fled. The ownership of the factories through stocks and savings and cooperative organization and partnerships to be held by the broad base of the American people, exercised through skillful operators who are prevented from turning into manipulators. Then can the homes be safer and the farms more prosperous because of less marketing difficulties and more general preoccupation with the soil. After all, if machines can do bigger work, why have man compete with them to his own detriment? Why not let the machine really work for man, giving him short factory hours and longer home and chore hours? Cannot such a practice be the rule without man becoming a slave to a machine? It can, with the proper safeguards of private ownership and public protection.

Concentration on an increase of transportation in all its phases might be the means of easing over the war boom to a peace economy.

EDWARD MCMENAMIN.

The Screen

E for Effort

IT IS seldom that a B film packs the wallop that *"Hitler's Children"* has. As a matter of fact, few of the big, expensive war pictures, with top-ranking stars, have the force that this little film carries. Tim Holt and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bonita Granville in the leads are given good support by Kent Smith, H. B. Warner, Lloyd Corrigan, and Otto Kruger.

However, it is not the actors, but it is the theme and message of the film that make it so stirring. As the story traces the plight of an American girl, born of German parents, who is inescapably caught in the net spun by the planners of greater Germany, we are shown how the nazis educate their youth, how they use the psychology of fear to keep the malcontents in line, how they dispose of those who do not fall into the pattern or refuse to follow blindly the nazi rules.

It is rather unfortunate that Emmet Lavery, who based his moving script on Gregor Ziemer's book, "Education for Death," found it necessary to work a love story into the plot. Not that "Hitler's Children" stresses the romance between Karl and Anna. The film's main theme is the conflict of ideas; but because the love story is so unmotivated, it takes on an air of sensationalism that detracts from the film's propaganda values. In spite of the picture's weaknesses, you will not quickly forget the impact of certain sequences: the contrasting of the American and German schools; the pathetic position of the journalist who fears his own sons in the youth camp; the Frauenklinik where women are being sterilized; Anna's escape from the labor camp, and the breathless episode in which soldiers search for her in the cathedral; the strength of character of the bishop who denounces the Fuehrer, declares sterilization the supreme blasphemy and defies the nazi major by telling him the breath of death is on him. "Hitler's Children" must be praised more for its content and intention than for its execution, which misses fire too often.

Edward A. Golden produced and Edward Dmytryk directed. Theirs is no entertainment movie, but one that should be seen by thinking adults. While it does not attempt to answer how we are going to defeat the nazis, it does raise many questions that will be serious problems after we do beat the nazis. And it is well fortified with reasons why we must stop Hitler's Children.

There is one new film that has something original in the line of war-related stories. *"Lucky Jordan"* concerns a gangster who tries to evade the draft, fails, finds himself in camp, deserts, becomes involved with other gangsters who are working for enemy agents, turns patriot and hero, helps to foil the saboteurs, lands back in the army. Up to the point of Jordan's conversion, this is an unusual and interesting melodrama. Frank Tuttle directed it with a fast pace and a hard punch; and Alan Ladd plays the gangster with a relentless, self-centered toughness that carries conviction. (Ladd does these hard-boiled rôles so well and so consistently that one wonders if he can do anything else, or if he's an actor at all.) In this film, Ladd builds up another of those immoral, despicable, fascinating bad boys. Particularly interesting are the scenes with Annie (Mabel Paige), a Times Square panhandler whom Jordan tries to foist on his draft board as his mother.

The draft board is not fooled, of course. But the gin-soaked brain of Annie somehow gets muddled and she follows through; and the relationship between Jordan and his adopted mother, though sentimental, is not ordinary film fare. Nor are the relations between Jordan and the canteen worker (Helen Walker) or Jordan and the other gangsters. However, the film's good start and exciting chase come to naught when the script goes to pieces. Obviously it has been tampered with and no one could decide just how to wind the thing up. Those silly nazi agents are not the answer. Too bad, because "Lucky Jordan" could have been a melodrama worthy of adult cinema goers.

"Pittsburgh" tries to be the great drama of American production during the war. It deserves credit for its efforts at patriotism and for attempting (as movies seldom do) to say something in favor of unions, municipal housing, hospitalization and aiding the common worker. But "Pittsburgh" never once allows itself to forget that it is telling a confused story about two men and a girl. Marlene Dietrich, blond hair, wet lips, tears dropping from long false lashes, is the girl who rises from coal dust, miners, sweat and strikes. And the two men she takes with her on the way up are: Randolph Scott as the too, too noble admirer whose patience is finally rewarded; and John Wayne as the selfish big brute who wants Dietrich and everyone else to belong to him on his terms. The script is talky in between fights and the story, which is pure hokum, didn't even have the nerve to let mean, bold, bad Wayne continue his evil ways. He reforms after he and Scott have a gory fist fight in the bowels of the earth, and after Dietrich is hurt in a mine accident (thanks to Wayne's allowing an elevator to go unrepaired). Comes Pearl Harbor and everybody suddenly loves everybody else. Frank Craven has a thankless job as the friend of the three principals and narrator of much of the story. Side lectures on coal and sulfa derivatives are thrown in free. Robert Fellows produced and Lewis Seiler directed.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

La Quintrala. *Magdalena Petit. Macmillan.* $2.00.
Fiesta in November. *Houghton.* $3.00.

The Real Life of Sebastian Knight. *Vladimir Nabokov. New Directions.* $2.50.
Poems. Anna Maria Armi. *Random.* $2.00.

The High Courts of Heaven. *J. V. Hewes. Doubleday.* $2.00.
The Gaunt Woman. *Edmund Gilligan. Scribner.* $2.50.

The Latin American Tone

CANADIAN FICTION, as reported last week, at least in the sample there reviewed, has little to be said in its favor. This is too bad, especially in view of the fact that there are plenty of aspects of Canadian life which could lend themselves admirably to treatment in novels. And there have, in the course of the last four or five decades, been several fairly good Canadian stories, particularly among those written in French. Two recent

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

books afford an opportunity to make a few generalizations about Latin American writing. There is no reason to single them out, except for the ground they cover. Some months ago was published a collection of novelettes and short stories selected and edited by Angel Flores and Dudley Poore under the title "Fiesta in November." The volume is certainly your money's worth. It contains eighteen stories, most of them of novelette length. And any earnest enquirer into the mind of Latin America could do far worse than read these tales. What is extraordinary is the unity of tone and high quality to be found in all of them. Nor can this be attributed to the translator, for there is not a translator—there are almost as many translators as there are stories. The title page says that the compilers are also the editors of the volume, and perhaps this may be part of the reason for its unity. One rather doubts it, however, for the unity seems to lie much deeper than any question of style.

A novel more recently published, "La Quintrala," by a Chilean author, Magdalena Petit, and translated by COMMONWEAL contributor Lulú Vargas Vila, seems very much to share in this same unity. Indeed more than any other experience, reading Latin American fiction underlines the fact that the countries of Central and South America have an integrated culture, and one which somehow seems considerably more integrated, more all-of-a-pattern, than our own. What is the nature of this pattern? "La Quintrala" is an historical novel dealing with a masterful woman of early Colonial times. Her early life is bathed in witchcraft, and her extraordinary will and character were early bent by contact with an aged Negress who had sold her soul to the devil. The whole novel is a study of the opposing pulls between black magic and mysticism, the latter personified in a holy and ascetic priest. The psychological similarity between the mystical life devoted to God and the mystical life of sorcery and witchcraft, the narrow line which divides heroic sanctity from what might be called heroic vice—these are the themes which preoccupy Miss Petit's mind and which she makes of intense and vivid moment to the reader. Of course the story itself carries its own weight, for it is well told and full of action and blood and thunder. Yet because of the profound psychological overtones of the book, it is redeemed from any suspicion of being merely a gruesome thriller. The terrible violence of its heroine is made acceptable—one hesitates to use the word "convincing"—by the extraordinary analysis of her personality and of her innate tendency toward greatness both in good and in evil. She zigzags between religious conversion, which she never quite achieves, because she cannot divorce it from her personal feelings for the priest who is her director, to utter depravity, which she completely achieves because it requires no submission of self.

Needless to say, the whole effect and tone is one of very deep-rooted pessimism, as far as this world is concerned. Indeed the only hope, the only goodness and justice and truth seem to lie in what we may look for in the next. This, needless to say, is one aspect of a profoundly Catholic attitude, and it is the aspect which seems to run through all the fiction written by our Southern neighbors. They can see little happiness here below, even of the sort which reflects what one might call the other side of the Christian coin—the side dealing with the real joys a Christian may experience in this world, thanks to Christ's redemption of our fallen nature. Somehow Christ's teaching has become less than a leaven in society; it approximates more closely to a haven of difficult entrance, and of uneasy mooring. And yet one cannot deny that this pessimism, this preoccupation with the evil and the shoddy and the miserable and the refusal of men to accept Christ is profoundly Catholic. By temperament we seem to tend rather more in the other direction. We also are concerned with the evil, but we prefer to dwell upon acceptance of Christ as the heroic thing. The very idea that a kind of heroism resides in entire acceptance of evil is to us almost repulsive.

Put in other terms, this Latin American pattern might be described as a constant concern with the inner psychological life of men and women, with the effect upon their minds of the impacts of events and things. This is obvious also in "Fiesta in November." Take a story from Venezuela, "The Sloop *Isabel* Arrived This Evening . . ." Here is no more than an analysis of the effect of a lover's final infidelity upon a seaport prostitute. The theme sounds utterly sordid, and yet somehow it is infused with a sympathy, a tenderness which raises it up and makes it something very different. Again there is overwhelming pessimism. You can't expect men to be good, much less women. But you can expect them to try to understand each other. The actions take place, but in themselves they do not matter. They matter only as they affect a human person, however humble, however imperfect, however seemingly inhuman and personless.

Immigrants

THEY CAME here from everywhere and first there were the Dutch, the British and the French, and then people came from all over Europe who spoke all the European languages, but in the end it was English that they had to learn if they were to live and work in our country and it is still English that the exiles have to learn. There is no getting away from it. The American people have come from all over the world, but it is in English finally that they must think and work. At once or after a generation or two. The men and women who came from abroad and who formed our country carried with them to America all that can be carried in the mind, all that can be preserved in memory—a childhood in Mariupol, in Palermo, in Warsaw—all that can be carried in the body—the figure, the face, the way an Armenian looks, the way a German looks,—and all that can be carried in a trunk—a bit of earth from the native land, a dress to dance in, a violin, a flute. They all brought what they could; they carried a few memories, a few possessions, to the farm in Minnesota, they held to what they could in the crowded apartments of New York's lower east side: they built a church that would look a little like the church near Pompeii, they built a synagogue that would look a little like the synagogue in Vitebsk that Chagall knew, they used to dance the Czardas in beer halls on Third Avenue. But no sooner did they arrive, the immigrants, our fathers and our brothers, no sooner do they arrive, the immigrants, our friends, but they must learn English. And as they learn English, they forget the language they spoke abroad, or that their fathers spoke abroad. It is difficult to learn a new language without forgetting the language one spoke before; it is difficult to learn a new language without putting aside the gestures that the people who speak the new language do not use, it is difficult to learn a new language without trying to look like the people who live in the new land. So that coming to America everyone tried to imitate those who knew a little more English than he did, everyone tried to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

put aside anything that would make him look different from anyone else. So that finally all the churches look alike, and the clothes to dance in are no longer Hungarian, or Italian, or Russian, and the girls dance American dances and they all look alike except when you look at their eyes or the color of their skin or the way they hold themselves.

Of course it is poverty that has done this, poverty, fear and ambition, and people who have been in America a long time have not done much to help those who came here after them. Things are better now; there is a little more comprehension. There is a chance that America may be able to recapture some of the lost memories of the past. There is a chance that we will never talk again of the "melting pot." America may now feel strong enough to permit a federation of diverse cultures.

We used to say you bohunks, you wops, you may come here and join the laboring classes, but do not bother us with news from your home town; the sooner you forget your home town the better. Then we would found universities and libraries and study about Greece and Armenia and Germany and Russia and Italy. But all this time we had Russians, Armenians, Greeks, Italians and Germans here, and we were busy telling them to destroy all that they had brought to us. They could have explained things to us, embodied their countries for us. Our excuse was that they were poor and ignorant. They could have developed the wisdom of their countries here, within our country which had become theirs also, and they and we would have made our country the most inclusive, the wisest in the world. Our excuse was a poor excuse; our mistake a grave one.

Things are better now; we have an immigration now which can take care of itself better, an immigration which is surer of itself. An adult immigration. European philosophers and scientists are here and also European writers. What is most interesting is that some of them are beginning to work directly in English. It is an extremely interesting and important phenomenon that writers formed in Europe are working now in America and directly in English. We, in general, must be on the alert to see what they give us and we, in particular, who write this page, are so much on the alert that we finally manage now to mention two books which appeared over a year ago. The first is a novel, very beautifully written, subtle in content and form, by Vladimir Nabokov, a Russian. It is "The Real Life of Sebastian Knight," and it is not an important book, nor does it carry any message, but it is interesting for the reason that we are accustomed to reading translations from the Russian and here is a Russian artist working directly in our idiom. More curious than the case of Nabokov, who had written a great deal in Europe before coming to America, is the case of Anna Maria Armi's poetry. The author is Luccan and had never written in Italian. Living now in America she has produced a volume of English poetry, but it is poetry *thought* by an Italian. There are no Italian settings, few Italian images; it is poetry thought here in America, but by someone who has carried here with her something of the experience of classical Mediterreanean art, and the memories of her land now removed from precise local reference and generalized.

Spiking German Weapons

OF THE two principal weapons in the nazi quiver (Panzer divisions might be considered a third except that we all have Panzers now) one has been countered, while the other has not. It was the Luftwaffe that incapacitated and demoralized country after country at the beginning of the war. And Goering's air forces came perilously near administering the knockout that would have left England virtually defenseless against invasion.

The threat of German airpower waned in two distinct phases. In the fall of 1940 the RAF, outmanned but never outfought, held on and fought back so savagely that Goering decided he could no longer afford such losses of planes and pilots over England. It was the turning point of the whole war. This desperate battle is the subject of "The High Courts of Heaven" by J. V. Hewes. The second phase of the struggle for command of the air was far less spectacular. It was the gradual acceleration of British and American plane production to a point where it will never more be headed. Decisive results of our widening margin of superiority in quality and numbers have yet to be registered, but the outcome is inevitable.

On the sea it is a different story. If anything the U-boat peril is increasing, and only the fact that American ship construction is in such high gear—and so much matériel is coming off production lines—makes it possible to keep our worldwide supply routes open. Thus far there seems to be no fully satisfactory answer to the raiders from under the sea. Convoys help, air patrols are effective for certain situations, and occasionally armed merchantmen have succeeded in slaying the "pig boats" that attacked them, but the list of sinkings grows.

That may be one reason why Edmund Gilligan's thriller about a personal vendetta is emotionally so satisfying. The reader feels that at least once he has a hand in doing the trick. Possibly this is the chief virtue of current war novels, the most satisfactory of which still is "Signed with Their Honor." If they are thrillers done with a hand as practiced as Gilligan's, they do more than provide a temporary escape from the disheartening realities of these days; they actually persuade the reader for a time that he has boldly advanced to meet the enemy and won the day. But to create this illusion a war novel has to employ a deal of artistry; otherwise why add to the reports of battle and individual heroism you can find in the papers every day?

Most of the way Mr. Hewes's book on the RAF is paradoxically the flattest of the flat. That may be appropriate enough, for periods of constant strain are not conducive to discursive chatter, and certainly there is no occasion for any manner of extracurricular activities. Besides, what is there to say when one's closest companion in arms fails to return from an encounter against overwhelming odds, and those odds may be even greater on the morrow? Such a story pays only the most passing attention to its actors; what it does do is to convey a sense of grim determination and thus explain how England survived her zero hour.

Mr. Gilligan's book is not so simple. There are suspicion, suspense, individual combats of the most violent kind, well-laid plans and even a dash of true love to complete the picture. "The Gaunt Woman," it may be added, is a Danish square-rigger used as a U-boat tender on the Newfoundland banks. It is unfortunate that hero Patrick Bannon did not devise a method that would thwart the U-boat everywhere. His is a distinctly personal solution which even then forces of circumstance compelled him to revise. He adds little to the understanding of the sea-lane problem, but the account of his vendetta is not easy to lay aside. And eventually we shall find the answer for the sea.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More Books of the Week

Can Our Cities Survive? José Luis Sert. Harvard. $5.00.

THE RICHLY and well illustrated book bears a quasi-official stamp of Professor Joseph Hudnut of the Harvard School of Design, the country's most progressive school for architects, in his foreword and a fine introduction of the by now famous author of "Space, Time and Architecture," Professor Siegfried Giedion of the University of Zurich, Switzerland, president of the C.I.A.M., now teaching in this country. The appendix contains the aims and the proposals of the C.I.A.M. in full. The study of this fine book will therefore give any reader a comprehensive and adequate idea of town-planning and the problems of modern urbanization, as long as this reader is not a specialist or an architect looking for detailed technical and professional information.

One has to have, however, a pretty serious interest in this topic if he intends not only to look at interesting pictures and scan through provocative headlines. Fortunately the text is short and clear and our patience is not overly taxed. This book will therefore help the professional man, the social worker, the politician, the real estate man, the administrator, the priest and the teacher to become familiar with planning problems and it will be provocative enough to let him think out a few local and very real problems. I doubt if it is exciting enough in its text to attract readers as a mass. Yet, even a superficial scanner and thumber may learn a great deal from the mere diagrams, graphs and photographs. It should be in the library of all the above-named professions.

There is nothing a non-expert could say about the plans themselves. They seem to be the result of minute and careful research and calculation. The greatest advantage is the fine "humanism" of the author. Man and all his needs, unfortunately with the exception of his religion, are the paramount principle of his plans and, we assume, all modern town-planners. They go a long way towards the aim of Christian social reformers without mentioning it. Catholic "personalists" could provide a few added highlights, e. g., by stressing safeguards against totalitarian, a-religious planning and against minimizing the role of the family or the private school.

There seems to be one great difficulty which the author overlooks. He hopes that his rational and purely humanistic exposé will save him from political, economic and religious controversy and assumes that he is on safe common ground. I wish to God he were! Yet such wide scopes as not only suburb or industrial site planning, but city replanning, nay, regional planning will certainly be another animal for Mr. Spangler and his friends to be after or for Mr. Witherow to be ridiculed at the next N.A.M. "congress." There will be others who will suspect totalitarianism or "Communism." It is all very fine for the poor human ants in Harlem, Canal Street and Hoboken to hope that a new New York will have clearly and well separated districts for smelly and smoky factories, for tall business towers in green parks, for big and well appointed super-apartment houses at the right angle to the sun and with an Atlantic breeze blowing through your convertible, en-glassed living room and beautiful modern family houses tucked away in winding lanes and between trees and fields—that is all fine. And as a priest I wish it would happen. But it requires a change of power, of the economic system, of the real estate laws, a neighborhood democracy, a spirit of co-operation, a trust in democracy which can only be hoped for, if this war makes mankind conscious, all of them, that we are in a bad way. Napoleon, Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin can do things like that in a cavalier fashion and house their slaves comfortably without asking them questions or fearing their answers. But "persons" demand guarantee of their freedom and fear regimentation more than poverty and that part of the population who can afford to be "persons" have a pretty set idea of how far they would go to let the underdog become a person too!

This should not be misunderstood, as if such plans were impossible of realization. Beveridge's plan is not impossible! What I want to say is only that Mr. Sert's book makes one assumption which, I think, is made too easily: that this is a non-political issue and that all you have to overcome is the ignorance and inertia of the masses. With the right leadership you can take these obstacles. But the wilfully blind, the selfish, vested interest and the—justifiable—fear of being sold into regimentation are the really serious obstacles to his thesis. But read it and read Giedion too. Since their visions are better, truer and humaner things they are worth thinking, debating and fighting for!

H. A. REINHOLD.

Danger! Keep Out. Edward J. Nichols. Houghton. $2.50.

MR. NICHOLS writes very well about the oil-refining industry. He calls his book a novel, but actually it is just a good book about the oil-refining industry with a few touches that don't quite add up to a novel.

The conversation is very tough and dirty, and the description very technical—both possibly a little more so than is necessary to show that oil-cracking is a tough and technical business. "We got only half of 3 on stream now. Recycle stock for pressure distillate. We're runnin' down to sludge." That kind of thing, plus a liberal portion of profanity. And once somebody speaks of gasoline hitting "the sump," a really wonderful word that deserves better treatment.

Mr. Nichols is not particularly class conscious. His characters, both workers and bosses, are very human, believable, rather decent people on the whole. And apparently working conditions, outside of the danger angle, weren't too bad in the particular plant Mr. Nichols writes about and where he himself worked off and on between 1914 and 1927, the pioneer years in oil refining. The only mention of unionism is a short chapter on the company union, about whose ability to get the workers more than an occasional new showerbath neither they nor Mr. Nichols have any profound illusions.

The main thing that interested us about "Danger! Keep Out" is the further proof it presents that the extreme anti-industrialist position of Eric Gill and Company cannot be supported by a thorough, first-hand study of modern industry. This book, for example, shows us men doing highly industrial work, and many of them so intensely interested in that work that they can think of nothing else either on or off the job. In short, to speak or write of industrialism purely in terms of Charlie Chaplin going crazy on an assembly line in "Modern Times" is something less than objective.

Gill was perfectly right, and very eloquent, in pointing out that industrial techniques are organized with a view to money values rather than human values. But we have yet to meet a man thoroughly familiar with a variety of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

techniques who supports Gill in maintaining that it is impossible to reorganize industrial production on a sound, human basis. The thing to do is to get more of the power over production in the hands of those who prefer human beings to that nasty old green stuff. JOHN C. CORT.

The Wisdom of China and India. Edited by Lin Yutang. Random. $3.95.

IT WOULD SEEM improbable that an anthology of Indian and Chinese literature could become a popular book in America, and yet the recent work of Lin Yutang, "The Wisdom of China and India," promises to be such. This book of over a thousand pages contains choicest bits of beauty, the ideals and aspirations of the Orient as found in the literature of the two countries. The entire work is tremendous in scope and has apparently been accomplished slowly and critically. Mr. Lin has not merely gathered existing translations into a volume, but he has carefully chosen those translations which he uses. Many of the better known renditions appear in the anthology; those of Max Muller, Swami Vivikananda, Romesh Dutt, Arthur Ryder, Dwight Goddard, James Legge, Helen Waddell and Witter Bynner being accepted by Mr. Lin as satisfactory. He has been unwilling to include any of the better known translations of some Chinese literature and has undertaken to make his own translations of "The Book of Tao" and "The Analects of Confucius." In some instances the entire text of a particular work is given, in other cases only selected portions are printed to illustrate the style and contents of the whole.

The India section includes the "Rigveda," "Upanishads," "Bhagavad-gita," "Aphorisms of Pantajali," "Ramayana," "Fables of Panchatantra." Buddhistic philosophy is represented in the "Dhammapada," three sermons of Buddha, "The Suranagana Sutra," Buddhist parables and legends, and a short essay on Nirvana. The only work originally written in English to be included in the anthology is Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia," which poem is based on the "Buddha-Charita" of Asvaghosha.

In the last half of the book, which is devoted to China, Mr. Lin is on his own ground and throws light on a number of surprising points. His own wit and humor are as evident here as they were in his "Importance of Living" and we meet again his homely comparisons. This section will be more easily followed and understood by the average reader. Even the mysticism of Laotse is readable. The author leaves his reader with the conviction that Mr. Lin is a Taoist. He presents "The Book of Tao" and excerpts from the writings of Chuangtse before introducing the reader to Confucius and leaves no doubt in the mind that he is entirely prejudiced in favor of Laotse. Equally interesting and surprising is the section which he calls "Chinese Democracy." In this the author draws from "The Book of History," the writings of the philosopher Mencius and those of the religious teacher Motse, to demonstrate that China has been more truly democratic than any other land, and this for 2,000 years!!! Though the facts are well known, his conclusions are novel. In the section on Confucius Mr. Lin uses Ku Hung-Ming's translation of "The Golden Mean" rather than the better known translation of James Legge, and the choice seems warranted. There follows a cross section of Chinese thought, life and emotion as depicted in poetry, autobiography, proverbs and parables from recent writers and includes the epigrams of the soldier Lusin, who died in 1936.

I was half-way through "Fight for Sister Joe"

the other morning on the way downtown, when somebody alongside gave me the old elbow. I moved over all right, but I had a half a mind to roll up my sleeves like Sister Joe had just taught that kid to do, and paste somebody in the puss. But I moved over. There were other things about Sister Joe. Humility was one of them. *So begins a review of GREAT MODERN CATHOLIC SHORT STORIES in the Chicago DAILY NEWS. The author is William J. Gorman, Fiction Editor of the News. We quote further:*

"Books of short stories appear at the rate of about one every twenty minutes but none that I ever read can compare with this one for editorial discrimination and consistent high quality. Sister Mariella Gable deserves real commendation, for recognizing that 'Catholic' short stories are in a fiction class by themselves, and for compiling the best among them on the basis of their merit alone.

"No, this isn't a 'religious' book; not one of its stories is flavored with missionary zeal, nor calculated to jerk you out of your slipshod spiritual ways, nor even set you right on matters of faith and morals. 'Catholic Fiction' (in the sense in which the words are here used), is fiction based in whole or in part on that phase of Christianity in general, and Catholicity in particular, which is the most forceful and visually dramatic evidence of Christ's religion on earth today: the cloisters, the monasteries, the convents—and the people who live their lives within them. Even 'A Nun's Diary' by Sister Mary Frances, isn't a 'religious' story in the ordinary sense of the word. It's simply a delightful account of the experiences of a normal young American girl during her novitiate in the convent before taking her final vows.

"You'll be surprised at some of the authors represented in this volume. F. Scott Fitzgerald takes one of his 'flappers' from the 'era of wonderful nonsense' to a seminary to visit her brother who will one day be ordained. 'The Surgeon and the Nun,' by Paul Horgan, is a terrific little piece with a delayed action payoff that will make an agnostic laugh uproariously for a minute and a product of the parochial schools chuckle quietly for weeks.

"Besides the authors mentioned above, there are: Ernest Hemingway, Katherine Mansfield, Phyllis Bottome, Geoffrey Household, Morley Callaghan and Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Peter Whiffin and Jack English are well known names, belonging respectively to Father Kenan Carey, a Passionist monk, and Brother Cajetan of the Order of St. Francis Xavier. The former's story, 'Reading in the Refectory,' is rich in quiet humor and concludes with a classic touch when old Brother Malachy, clearly the holiest man in the monastery, is shown, while the rest of the community are telling their beads or counting their aspirations, standing at his kitchen sink and singing an off-key version of 'Alexander's Ragtime Band.'

"Whatever your faith, you'll not have read some of today's most entertaining fiction until you've read this collection of stories." WILLIAM J. GORMAN.

GREAT MODERN CATHOLIC SHORT STORIES, Compiled by Sister Mariella Gable, O.S.B., Price $3.00.

Sheed & Ward · 63-5 Av. N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There are general introductions to the two main sections of the book and a particular introduction to each of the smaller divisions. These are written in the well known style of Lin Yutang and add greatly to the value of the work. They make the whole intelligible to the occidental mind and they bear testimony to the enormous amount of study which the author has undertaken to prepare the volume. Many will question some of the statements of the author: that Taoism has affected the Chinese people to a greater degree than has Confucianism; that the reading of the Tao will automatically cause one to acquire the habits and ways of the Chinese; but these and other like remarks are not serious enough to cause concern nor do they detract from the book in any manner.

The main defect of the work seems to be that the author's purpose will not be realized. He hoped that by presenting the Hindu mind and the essential spirituality of India we might understand and share with India the freedom and equality we are trying to create in the world; that when the war is over a new world will be forged from the elements of Anglo-Saxon, Russian and Oriental cultures. Yet on finishing the book one feels that while the India of centuries ago has been revealed, he understands but little of the present-day religion and philosophy of the country.

Of the various systems of Hindu belief only one, Yoga, is mentioned and there is nothing concerning Jainism, nothing touching on Vedanta. Mr. Lin has failed to trace the evolution of thought from the period of the Rigveda to the present time and the question naturally presents itself, is the India of today influenced to any great extent by the beliefs and the literature of its golden past? In the section on China we have a more modern picture of the wisdom of China, but it is not clear why Mr. Lin has selected Lusin to illustrate modern Chinese thought. Are we to conclude that the Marxian epigrams of this leftist express the prevalent attitude of China toward Laotse and Confucius? We would prefer to think that China is not ready to follow Lusin, to discard or even to change into any type of adulterated Marxian philosophy the heritage which is theirs from the past.

JOSEPH P. RYAN.

Headhunting in the Solomon Islands. Caroline Mytinger. Macmillan. $3.00.

THE HUNT is for models; the huntresses, a painter and her musical assistant, with an avidity for travel and ambition to portray a primitive race. Carrying a box of crayons and a ukulele as their floating capital, the two companions had already worked their way over a large part of the USA when they determined to visit Melanesia. Hawaii, unable to produce even a pure Polynesian, provided profitable patrons for portraits and it was with four hundred dollars in cash that the "headhunters" sailed westward. Their first port in the Solomon Islands was Tulagi on Guadalcanal. It seems strange to repeople the present battlefields of the Coral Sea with the very British planters who were hosts to the two Americans. The copra plantations—Miss Mytinger says it is pronounced "coppra"—then had acres of tall grey-trunked palm trees, in long even aisles, rising like the pillars of the Gothic cathedral to the vaulted arch of their fronds. The ground in their shadow was carpeted in clover or sensitive plants to protect it a little from the ever encroaching vegetation which, before the Japs, was the eternal enemy. Around the plantation houses, as now in the native villages, every shoot of green is hastily destroyed because the jungle with its magic growth is past master in the art of infiltration. Back of the plantations of man it rises, a towering wall of intricate green pattern and riding through it on a trail is like entering a dimly lit brown cavern with the treetops a hundred feet overhead and twisted roots and the muck of damp leaf mould underfoot. In the twilight of the jungle, the anopheles mosquito flies by day and night. To protect her baby from its poison, the "Missus" on one of the plantations had built a nursery house raised on piles with metal plates at their top to guard against ants and two foot space between the double screen walls which was daily sprayed with "Buzzoff." No native was ever permitted near the nursery since a Melanesian is rarely seen who has not the scars of some past or present skin disease. The natives seldom succumb, however, to the local infections but once let a case of measles appear from Australia and the mortality is appalling.

The "headhunters" were able with patience to procure models in the villages whose life has been so brilliantly recorded by Malinowski, and that the matriarchal system gives the women an independent position was proved when, after a complacent husband had accepted bribes of tobacco for a study of his wife, that lady with shrill vituperation, unconditionally refused to be painted. The description of the thatched huts and the people brings the whole scene to life; very graphic too is the sea turtle hunt and feast on Vangunu opposite New Georgia; the search for the pinheaded men from Bougainville and the encounter with a homesick cannibal from Papua. One is also thoroughly saturated in the moist heat.

The photographs of a few of Miss Mytinger's pictures, taken by the Museum of Natural History in New York, suggest their scientific as well as their artistic merit and arouse a desire to see the original collection. Many were painted with boat paint on sail cloth when the supply trunk was lost in the surf and all suffered from the sulphur fumes of Rabaul where they survived an earthquake and an eruption. The author says that her literary adviser chose only about an ounce of her pounds of notes and the result, although it is the choice of the Book of the Month Club, is a rather brash collection of adventures in the shock-life style and all in highlights, nor does the record of the occasions on which the author wore a girdle seem of more enduring interest than some other of the confidential news items. Miss Mytinger seems determined to paint herself in unbecoming colors and one hardly knows whether to honour or disclaim the honesty which mentions the fact that both young women leapt out of their apartment during an earthquake in Rabaul, forgetting a baby alone in the next room.

The travel books which defy time, like Doughty or Borrowe, have a very detailed but quietly objective narrative and a reticence about personal reactions which invites the cooperation of the readers' imaginations. But one must pay tribute to the gallantry and courage of Miss Mytinger and Miss Warner and we believe them when they say that they could enjoy the undersea colors and the lagoon at Segi in which they loved to dive in spite of the giant clams with gaping shells ready to clamp down on the unwary, the coral flowers full of streptococchi, the poisonous sea snakes weaving about the pier posts and a very adjacent alligator. But why must capable adventurers always insist on playfully calling themselves the "Expotition" (viz., "Winnie the Pooh")? E. V. R. WYATT.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Inner Forum

Apostles in North Africa

CHRISTIANITY has been present in North Africa from the earliest times. It is known that somewhere around the year 200 a council of 70 bishops met at Carthage, renowned for its heroic martyrs and such figures as Tertullian and Saint Cyprian. Saint Augustine, born at Tagaste, a city now on the border of Tunisia and Algiers, was Bishop of Hippo (396-430). When the city of Carthage fell to the Arabs in 698, the Church there went into an eclipse from which it did not begin to emerge until 1884 when Leo XIII restored the ancient See of Carthage and appointed Archbishop Lavigerie, founder of the White Fathers, as its head. Despite the opposition of Marshal McMahon, Governor of Algeria, Archbishop Lavigerie secured from Napoleon III permission to initiate a vast missionary program among the North African Moslems.

A number of the most intrepid missioners to North Africa had highly dramatic lives. There was, for instance, Raymond Lully (1232-1315), who was originally a page at the Court in Spain. When he finally yielded to the call of the missions, he secured the permission of his wife and children, made adequate provision for them, and then prepared among the Mohammedans on his native Isle of Mallorca for the great work he was to do. Here is his view of his mission: "I see knights go beyond the seas to the Holy Land, fondly imagining that they will take it by force of arms. In the end all are spent, without obtaining the end they desire. As for me, I think that this conquest can only be made in the way Thou, O Lord, didst do, namely, with Thy apostles, by prayer, sacrifice and with much love."

There is much interest in these days in Father Charles de Foucault, whom *Catholic Missions* cites as next to Raymond Lully in understanding the Mohammedan soul. In order to prepare himself and lay the foundation for a modern apostolate among the Moslems of North Africa, Charles de Foucault went alone into the desert to undertake a life of heroic solitude and penance. He was killed in December, 1916, by a treacherous Taureg and was buried beneath the sands of the Sahara. One of his greatest successors was the Franciscan Friar, Charles Poissonier, who labored in Southern Morocco. An indication of his zeal is the fact that in 1932 alone he personally gave medical treatment to more than 10,000 Berbers. He died of typhus there in 1938.

CONTRIBUTORS

Theodore MAYNARD, author of "The Story of American Catholicism," is preparing a full-length biography of Brownson, and is at present on a lecture tour.

Leonard McCARTHY, S.J., is studying at Weston College, Weston, Mass.

Rev. H. A. REINHOLD, one of the founders of the Apostleship of the Sea, is at present stationed in Yakima, Washington.

John C. CORT is a labor journalist, one of the founders of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists. He will shortly join the staff of THE COMMONWEAL as Associate Editor.

Rev. Joseph P. RYAN, M.M., is professor of Missiology at Maryknoll Seminary, Maryknoll, N. Y.

E. V. R. WYATT is drama critic for the *Catholic World*, and a frequent contributor to THE COMMONWEAL.

Project for Catholic Press Month

During February 1943 each COMMONWEAL reader is urged to send in three names of potential subscribers, friends who he knows are interested in politics and public affairs and the world of literature and ideas as presented in THE COMMONWEAL.

The plan is to send each prospective reader a *free* sample copy of a current issue, later an invitation to try a $1 fifteen-week subscription.

Help extend the circulation and influence of THE COMMONWEAL during Catholic Press Month! Send your three names in a memo to the editor today.

PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC

Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart

133rd Street and Convent Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Courses offered: Gregorian Chant—Gregorian Accompaniment—Choir Conducting—Liturgical Singing—Polyphony—Choral Class School Music — Theory — Harmony — Counterpoint — and other branches of music. Lessons in Organ—Piano—Violin—Voice.

Telephone: Edgecombe 4-1500

The Ways of God

a little known essay of

SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS

Translated by Raïssa Maritain and Margaret Sumner

Cover by A. de Bethune

Frontispiece by Gino Severini

Published by the Basilian Fathers,

Assumption College, Windsor, Ontario

25c, postpaid if remittance accompanies order.
N. Y. City residents please add 1c sales tax.

Order through Book Service Department

THE COMMONWEAL, 386 4th Ave., New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Educational

PREP SCHOOLS—BOYS

ALL HALLOWS

164th St. and Grand Concourse, New York City. Fronting Joyce Kilmer Park. Private day school for boys. Christian Brothers of Ireland. Primary, Grammar and High School. Chartered by Regents. Bus Service. Cafeteria. Write for Catalogue. Phone JErome 7-1930.

PORTSMOUTH PRIORY SCHOOL

Portsmouth, Rhode Island (on Narragansett Bay, 8 Miles North of Newport). Conducted by Benedictine Monks assisted by lay masters. Six years' course. College preparatory 120 acres. Every facility for sport and athletics. The Monks of this Congregation conduct Downside and Ampleforth schools in England and Fort Augustus in Scotland. Catalogue sent on request. For further information apply to the Secretary, Portsmouth Priory School, Portsmouth, Rhode Island.

CANTERBURY SCHOOL

A Leading New England Preparatory School. Conducted by Catholic Laymen. The Most Reverend Bishop of Hartford, Patron. Six Years' Course College Board Examination. Complete Modern Equipment. Twenty-seventh year. Eighty miles from New York Address: Nelson Hume, Ph.D., Headmaster, New Milford, Connecticut.

DELBARTON SCHOOL

A country day and boarding school conducted by Benedictine Monks for boys in the sixth to the ninth grades Massive granite building. 400 acres Intramural sports. Small classes. Personal supervision. Address: Headmaster, Delbarton School, Morristown, New Jersey. Morristown 4-3231.

COLLEGES—WOMEN—ILLINOIS

ROSARY COLLEGE

River Forest, Illinois. Conducted by the Dominican Sisters of Sinsinawa Wisconsin. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Confers B.A., B.A. in L.S., B.M., B.S. degrees. In addition to Liberal Arts subjects, Majors are offered in Art Music, Speech, Home Economics and Library Science. Library School accredited by the American Library Association

MINNESOTA

COLLEGE OF SAINT TERESA

Winona, Minnesota. For the Higher Education of Catholic Women. Holds membership in the North Central Association of Colleges. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Registered for Teacher's License by New York Board of Regents. Degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, Bachelor of Science in Nursing. A standardized Conservatory of Music is maintained in connection with the college Picturesquely located on the upper Mississippi. One hundred acre campus. Served by the "Zephyr," "Hiawatha," "The 400." Only five hours ride from Chicago. Address the Secretary.

THE COLLEGE OF ST. CATHERINE

A Standard Liberal Arts College for Women. The only exclusively women's college in the Twin Cities. Awards the B.A., B.S. and B.S. in Library Science degrees. Degrees have national and international recognition. Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph. For information address the Dean, Cleveland and Randolph, St. Paul, Minnesota.

MARYLAND

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

North Charles St., Baltimore, Maryland. An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Exceptional Advantages. For Information Address the Registrar.

NEW JERSEY

COLLEGE OF ST. ELIZABETH

A Catholic College for Women, on the approved list of the Association of American Universities. Campus of 400 acres. Modern residence halls. Regular arts courses, pre-medical, secretarial, teacher-training, music, home economics, science. Degrees—B.A., B.S. in Commerce, B.S. in Home Economics. For catalogue, address the Dean, Convent Station, New Jersey.

CALDWELL COLLEGE

For Women. Conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic. Caldwell, New Jersey. Offering A.B. and B.S. Degrees. Teacher and Secretarial Training.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

TRINITY COLLEGE

Washington, D. C. An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Beautifully located in the immediate vicinity of the Catholic University. Incorporated under the Laws of the District of Columbia and empowered by Act of Congress to confer degrees. Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. For particulars, address the Registrar of the College.

DUNBARTON COLLEGE OF HOLY CROSS

Washington, D. C. A Standard Catholic Senior College for Women. Conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross. For particulars address: The Registrar.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED